

095-83-19--A WFO

who have traveled to any considerable extent are familiar with this formula. It was the story of the railroad hog—the snarl, the snort, the snuff—being said grudgingly or even with a strained small wit to hold two. This particular hog wore a plug hat, shiny with the genuine Boston gloss, an enamelled shirt and closely cropped iron-gray beard. I know his kind. He is an eminently respectable beast who always pays his debts promptly. His only interest in Sunday-schools, admiringly, is in deceased members' children out of their parents' power, is the president of joint stock companies, and has biographical enologies published in newspapers when he finally kicks the bucket. I knew the hog lied when he said "That seat is taken, sir," but I found out that was not taken, sir, and watched him lie again many times till he would reproduce the falsehood. The company was rather full, and, would you believe it, that miserable hog told sixteen separate and distinct lies in order to gratify his meanness. Enough to sink a healthier soul to perdition. He varied the formula; one time it was the wave of the hand and a look to the rear of the car to indicate that holder of the seat had gone away, and another time it was the nod for a drink of water and a nod at once. Another time, to the inquiry of a mild-mannered and timid questioner, he replied by a stolid stare, and then, spreading himself a little wider, he resumed the perusal of his newspaper. I was tempted to crawl up behind him and hiss into his ear, "You're an awful liar." But I didn't say anything. A big, red-faced tumbler came along in a dirty brown coat, came in at a way station. We were sweaty to a fearful degree. His feet smell like valerieanna of ammonia, and rotten fish, and his breath was a hot, stinking sirocco, based on bad whisky and onions. This fiery and fragrant behemoth preferred to settle himself in the seat that was taken by my neighbor. I began the hog talk. "Well, I guess," I took for the first fellow comes," returned the sweet-smell-

ling heavy weight, and down he plumped, partially crushing the hog in his descent. The latter frowned and began to bluster, but the red-faced ruffian soon took that out of him with a threat to swallow him whole, to claw him up and spit him out, to pitch him out of the window—to go through him like a dose of salts, and to make various other dispositions of him in case he did not stinme down. Our porcine friend summnered, and then the barbarian grew good-humored. He told funny anecdotes, and poked the hog in the ribs. He wanted to know whether the hog would care he was going. He spat quarts of tobacco juice across him out of the window, spattering his shirt front, between his boots, and all around. He offered him a "chaw" every time he took out his plug of navy. The hog breathed freely, and shivered with disgust. Finally he crawled out and stood up for forty miles, until another seat was vacated.

**Mr. Davis' Recent Speech at Clarksburg.**

(From The Telegraph.)

Hon. John J. Davis arose in the crowd and asked permission to address the assembly for a few minutes. He was received with a rousing cheer. Mr. Bassel became panic-stricken and took his seat. Davis said he had not intended saying anything, but when he heard a man denounced a bolter for exercising the right of becoming a candidate for Governor, and had heard the same man enjoin it upon the Democratic party to vote for Horace Greeley, the father of Republicanism, he deemed it a duty to speak. He said that in the advocacy of such a course, the "personator" Democracy he yielded to no man,—it was willing to sink himself for the success of those principles.

He then went on to show that the Democratic party at Baltimore had abandoned all principle—had adopted a platform essentially Republican, and had taken the name of the Republican party as a candidate for President. He said he did not want to hear any Greeley Democracy, and sure Mr. Sumner's civil rights bill, because Mr. Greeley in his Poughkeepsie speech had uttered the very same sentiments, and that this speech had been delivered since his nomination at Cincinnati.

Johnson exhorting Democrats to vote for the ratification of the Constitution as a Democratic measure, because, if the Constitution were framed in the interest of any party, either Democratic or Republican it should be rejected by the people—that for his part he could not give it that vote. Mr. Davis' speech was nearly two hours in length, and we regret that our space forbids our giving a synopsis of it. He was frequently applauded by a large portion of the Democracy, present; but the Greeley-Candlides looked like men receiving sentence of execution."

"HENRIETTA," said a landlady to her new girl, "when there had been news, particularly private affliction, always let the boarders know it before dinner. At many strange to you, Henrietta, but such things make great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

AMONG the ridiculous things in the proposed Constitution, one, not the least, is amending the charters of the railroads already constructed in our State.—*Telegraph.*

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